

VOLUME VI.

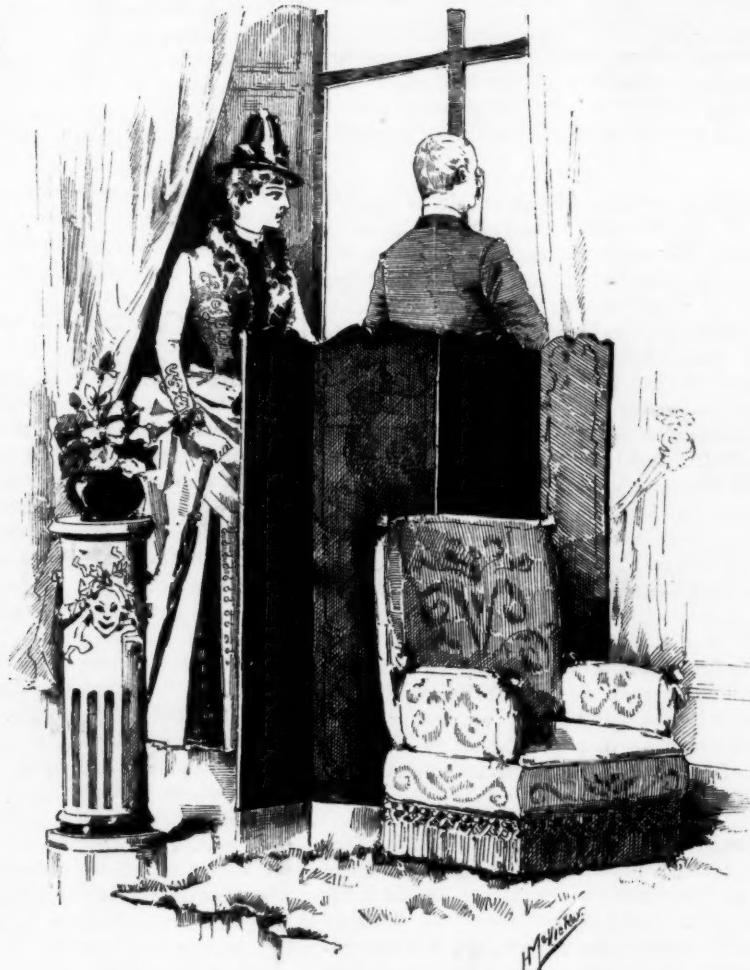
NEW YORK, DECEMBER 17, 1885.

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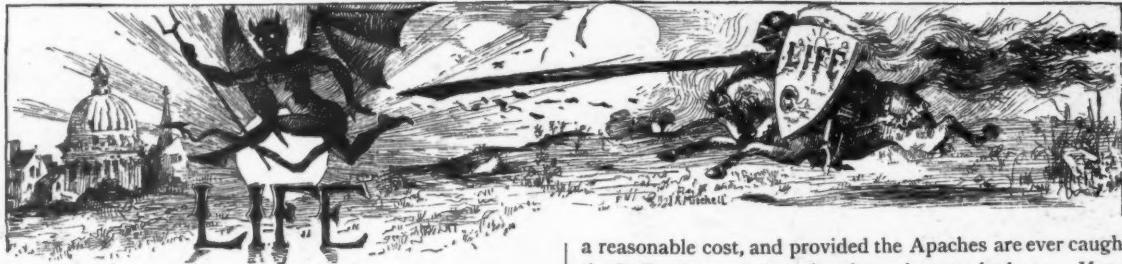


#### GENTLE BLOOD.

*Mr. A. (a comparative stranger in Chicago): WHO IS THAT YOUNG FELLOW DRIVING BY IN A CART, HE LOOKS AN AWFUL SWELL?"*

*Miss X. (whose father made his money in Chicago before the fire): I DO N'T KNOW. ONE SEES SO MANY NOUVEAUX RICHES NOWADAYS, THAT REALLY ONE DOES N'T KNOW WHO IS WHO.*

*It turns out to be Mr. M——, whose father made his money in Chicago AFTER the fire.*



VOL. VI. DECEMBER 17TH, 1885. NO. 155.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., 50 cents per number; Vol. II., 25 cents per number; Vols. III., IV. and V. at regular rates.

Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

OUR esteemed colored friends of *Puck* have incurred the displeasure of justice to the extent of \$1,037.66.

Vallentine's day is a little early this season, which possibly accounts for the apparent extravagance on our contemporary's part.

\* \* \*

THERE is much complaint of General Hazen, the chief officer in the Weather Bureau. Not only do his lieutenants abuse their subordinates and treat Members of Congress with disrespect, but it is asserted that the Signal Service, under his administration, has become mendacious and unworthy of trust. The Secretary of War is said to be deluged with communications from persons offering to supply tree toads, crickets, field mice, and other dumb animals warranted to forecast weather with a great deal more certainty than General Hazen's bureau, and at infinitely less expense. No fault is found with the quality of the weather that the Signal Service supplies. The iniquity of the materials it must work with is recognized. People do not expect silk purses to be made out of sow's ears, nor amenities of climate out of cyclones. The complaint is that the meteorological goods that General Hazen supplies do not correspond with his invoices. General Myer, who established the Signal Service, was a man of scientific attainments. When he put up his umbrella, it rained; and when he left his overcoat at home, it was a warm day. It is different with General Hazen, who is continually getting wet feet from not knowing when to wear his rubbers. Cannot the President find a new and abler prognosticator, even at the risk of disturbing Editor McLean?

\* \* \*

IT has been suggested by a Commissioner of Indian affairs that when the hostile Apaches are caught, it would be a good plan to export them to one of the islands of the Pacific, and use them to found a penal colony. There is good graveyard material among these Indians, and it is not proposed to divert them all from the cemetery, but it is thought that they may not all be equally in need of hanging, and that for the milder-mannered ones transportation would be an efficacious disposition. Provided an island can be bought at

a reasonable cost, and provided the Apaches are ever caught, the Indian Commissioner's scheme is not a bad one. If one of the temporary islands can be had—the sort that come and go, according to the mood of submarine volcanoes—that would be the right sort to buy. The Indians disposed of according to this plan could be made to earn their living with a hook-line, and might be persuaded that in pursuing this industry they were still leading a sporting life. Another form of usefulness would be open to them in becoming the objects of zealous missionary labor. It has been impossible hitherto to get satisfactory results in the shape of converted Apaches, because their range was so wide, and their means of locomotion so effective, that they could withdraw themselves at will from the gentle influences of religion. But once cooped up on a small island, without boats, it is believed that effectual efforts might be made to reform them. There is great need of new material among the Pacific islands for the missionaries to work on since the population in some of the best places has grown sparse. If a fair chance at the Apaches can be secured to the missionaries and the sailors, it is thought that the Government will have no more trouble with them. But first it will be necessary to catch them.

\* \* \*

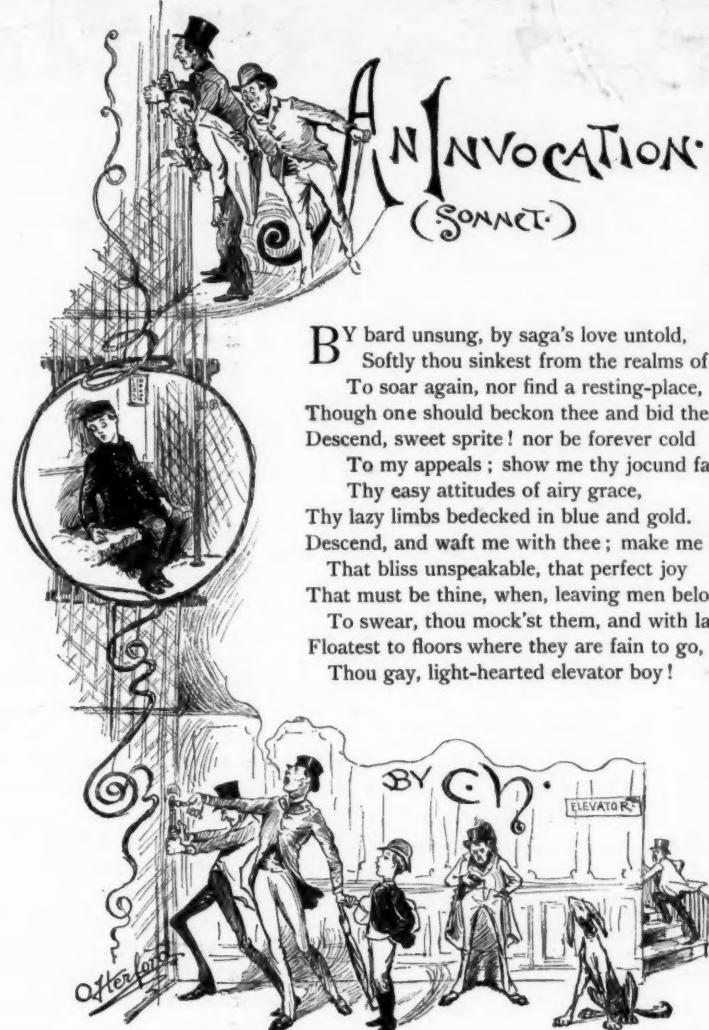
THERE has just died in this city a man who, according to one of the aberrant ideas of the age, was guilty of a very great crime, a crime of which every human being on the face of the earth, since the creation, has been striving to commit with more or less success.

Mr. Vanderbilt was condemned because he was a rich man.

He has been the object of the shafts of malice, thrown by the envious, from the time he assumed the charge his father left him until the day of his death, and even now, when he is gone, these ghouls of the press cannot restrain their malicious comment.

We venture to assert that, if a general reckoning were to be had, and the philanthropists of this and other ages were to be awarded rank according to the proportion of their benefactions, Mr. Vanderbilt would be found much higher on the list than men of far more pretence. And it is always a safe assumption to make, that the philanthropy of him who gives what he gives quietly and with no parade of his generosity, is of a higher and more beautiful nature than that of the lavish "philanthropists for the revenue of notoriety only," who draw their checks in full view of the Associated Press.

From the worldly point of view, the professional philanthropist may be better off. He may be struck off in brass and used as an ornamental pump for a public square, but in the long run—the eternal run, we might say—it is our opinion that the simple, unpretending and wholesouled generosity of William H. Vanderbilt will stand infinitely higher.



**B**Y bard unsung, by saga's love untold,  
Softly thou sinkest from the realms of space  
To soar again, nor find a resting-place,  
Though one should beckon thee and bid thee hold.  
Descend, sweet sprite ! nor be forever cold  
To my appeals ; show me thy jocund face,  
Thy easy attitudes of airy grace,  
Thy lazy limbs bedecked in blue and gold.  
Descend, and waft me with thee ; make me know  
That bliss unspeakable, that perfect joy  
That must be thine, when, leaving men below  
To swear, thou mock'st them, and with laughter coy  
Floatest to floors where they are fain to go,  
Thou gay, light-hearted elevator boy !

#### SMALL ITEMS FROM ABROAD.

**W**HILE the Constantinople Conference was in session a few days ago, a sneak-thief crept into the hall and stole the *status quo ante* off the hat-rack. The growing popularity of poker in Europe indicates that hereafter there will be more *ante* and less *status quo ante*.

THE French are beginning to harbor a dim, protoplasmic suspicion that Tonquin is loaded.

THE Greeks are threatening to annex a neutral watermelon patch on their northern frontier.

THE Sultan contemplates giving General Lew Wallace a curry-comb and a pair of boots on his next birthday.

ROBERT BROWNING is making arrangements to have some of his poems translated into English.

IN Ireland the Pope's Encyclical Letter is construed as enjoining the faithful to vote the Democratic ticket.

THE Queen's sons-in-law have not collided with any embryonic egg-nogg for three weeks.

THE recent English elections are exerting an admomi-Tory influence. (All rights reserved ; copyrighted.)

*J. A. Macon.*

**A** ONE-LEGGED Union soldier in Rhode Island has the rheumatism in his wooden leg, and the New York *Tribune* will probably attribute it to a Democratic administration.



## THE LATEST CRAZE.

WE're not so fond of England,  
Or her pretty little ways,  
As once we were, and far behind  
We've left the British craze.

'T is not the dainty French we love,  
Nor yet the dash of Spain,  
For Italy we never rave,  
They're all upon the wane.

But now we look for fashions to  
Celestials, and we clap  
Our hands with joy when e'er we see  
An 18-carat Jap.

\* \* \*

THE latest term for an electric execution is the "Telegraphic Dispatch."

\* \* \*

OUR esteemed colored contemporary, *Puck*, asserts that good editors die young. If this be true, what a long life the editor of *Puck* has before him.

\* \* \*

THE war articles in the *Century* are rapidly bringing that esteemed publication down to the level of a Powder Magazine.

\* \* \*

THE Aldermen are very anxious for the establishment of an American Westminster Abbey. The Alderman's corner would be overcrowded very soon if the prayers of a righteous people were granted.

\* \* \*

SUNSET COX is said to have a decided liking for Turkey stuffed with chestnuts.

The celebrated diplomat will doubtless get his fill if he attempts to amuse the sublime Porte with his samples of imported wit.

\* \* \*

A N enterprising agent has revised an ancient motto to read, "Sweet are the uses of advertising."

\* \* \*

ACCORDING to an item now going the rounds of the press, King Thebaw is not a full-blooded Burmese his mother being a Scham.

We suspected there was something of a delusion and a snare about Thebe.

KING KALAKAU wants to sell the Sandwich Islands for \$4,500,000. That is his price, but it is said that he will pay any man half that sum to take the place off his hands.

\* \* \*

THE delightful biography of an eminent ex-editor, which appeared last week in the Sunday issue of a morning contemporary, gave pleasure to a multitude of readers. It is said that many New Yorkers, who have not hitherto been sparing of their vital powers, have begun to take measures to prolong their lives until they shall have read the memoirs, which, the *Sun* says, accumulated during their author's twenty years' sojourn in University Building.

\* \* \*

THESE are days of great changes in Wall street. Ferdinand Ward has gone; Bunker Fish has gone; and now it is good-bye, Jay Gould. "It is time," says Mr. Gould, "that I made way for younger and more active men." Younger, perhaps, but more active—let us hope not. Good-bye, Mr. Gould. Go into private life, buoyed up by the blessed consciousness that however you may have strayed from the path of perfect rectitude, or perjured, or stolen, or chizzled, or shown any other form of ethical eccentricity—never, though men have maligned you, and newspapers assailed you with epithets—never has the *Evening Post* called you by an abridgment of your front name. Is it to your virtue, Mr. Gould, or to your sponsors that you owe this omission?

\* \* \*

WE see by the precious dailies that the Hon. Ferdinand Ward has been transferred from stove work to bookkeeping, and that "his health is good, and he does not find any fault with his treatment."

This will lift a burden of suspense and anxiety from the hearts of the people. It would be a sad reflection on our American civilization if a man cannot become the typical swindler of his age without his personal comfort being interfered with.

\* \* \*

M R. KEELEY thinks that the saddest words of tongue or pen the saddest are these: It Mot or been.

\* \* \*

SEVERAL English sportsmen while hunting in New Jersey last week, started a covey of aniseed bags, seven of which were shot on the wing.

\* \* \*

CONTRIBUTORS are informed that all allusions to the *World* falling from Grace should be addressed to the Wicker Department.

## BITS OF NEWS.

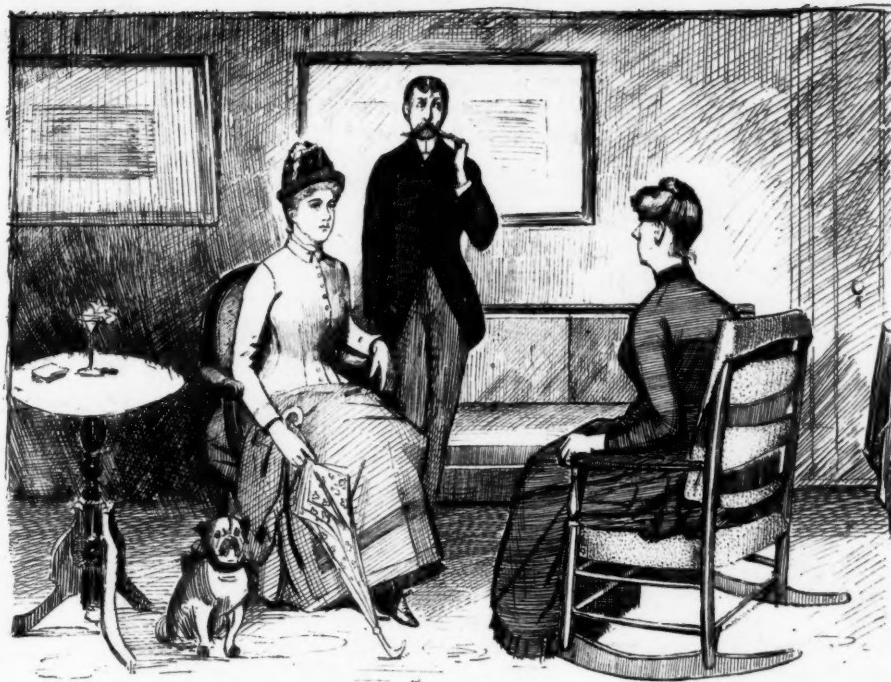
**I**RISH dynamiters are preparing to celebrate the recent grand explosion at Flood Island.

THE idea of substituting messenger boys for carrier-pigeons is not meeting with favor.

THE "Disestablishment of the Ticket Speculator" would be a popular plank in any platform.

PUBLISHERS of maps are at present leaving a blank space for the Balkan Peninsula.

A MAN was shot recently, in Minnesota, while putting on a clean shirt. People are allowed great license in the West, but they go too far when they attempt to outrage established custom and to overthrow the idols of a common inheritance.



*Effie: I HAVE BROUGHT AUGUSTUS WITH ME YOU SEE, AUNT ELIZABETH; I WANT YOU TO KNOW HIM BETTER, FOR I AM SURE YOU WILL LOVE HIM AS I DO. I COULD HUG AND KISS HIM ALL DAY, THE BEAUTY.*

*Aunt Elizabeth: MY LANDS, EFFIE BRIGGS! TO HEAR YOU, MY OWN SISTER'S CHILD, SITTING THERE AND TALKING LIKE THAT ABOUT THE YOUNG MAN SHE'S ENGAGED TO! AND RIGHT BEFORE HIS FACE, TOO!*

*Tableaux and Explanation.*



## ONE OF OUR READY-MADE BOSTON NOVELS.

ONE of the choicest specimens of the Boston novel, with all its time-honored features, is an anonymous story called "The Dawning" (Lee & Shepard). So full is it of the rare old Bostonese flavor, that we are inclined to think that it is one of the first fruits of LIFE's great scheme for the co-operative production of novels out of ready-made material. As no name is on the title-page we cannot identify the writer with any of the patrons of our "Depot of Novelists' Materials," but the circumstantial evidence strongly indicates that he is one of them.

\* \* \*

THE first sentence of the novel lands the reader on ground sacred to all Boston writers. "The pride of Boston is Beacon Hill. On that classic height Conservatism—the panoply of the wise and good—has sat intrenched for a century." (We have recently added to our stock of artistic scenery a fine representation of Conservatism sitting on

Beacon Hill, with one foot resting on Ben Butler and the other on Joseph Cook. 12mo., \$5; 8vo., \$10.)

The characters of the book have all the qualities which antiquity has made venerable. "Langdon Bowditch was an enigma to his friends;" son of a "respected Boston merchant;" "disciplined by the best culture of the schools;" "entrance to the most exclusive and refined society;" "at Harvard he was always reading when other boys were at play;" "drifting into absurd and offensive ideas." Any reader of our prospectus, published last week, will immediately recognize Langdon Bowditch as "Class A of Assorted Characters, No. 1, *The Indifferent Harvard Man*, age twenty-eight to thirty, cynical, but ready to be redeemed by a rich young girl of good family."

\* \* \*

THE aforesaid girl is introduced, on time to the minute, page 10, as follows: "Mr. Bowditch's face lighted again. That young girl standing before him, with the fire in her eyes and the glow on her brow, quickened all that sense of purity and loveliness which unites a beautiful face and a noble soul."

We need hardly add that this is Class A, No. 4, of our assortment, "*The Imperious Beauty with a Mission*."

CLASS A, No. 5, "The Precious Little Goose," is gracefully introduced as *Helen Winford*, who was always happy by virtue of a felicitous temperament. It is appropriately said that, "never attempting to reason, she was the creature of intuition." She is a "kindly, laughing, frolicsome and vivacious girl," in all respects up to the standard of the best No. 5's in the market.

\* \* \*

"THOMAS KING, of the Boston Bar, had already established himself in a thriving practice." He is of tall and commanding presence; no visionary; purpose to make the most of the world as he found it; had begun to lay the foundation of a fortune. Mr. King meets all the requirements of Class A, No. 2, "The Commonplace Young Man with a Fortune, tolerably well satisfied with the world, the flesh and the devil."

\* \* \*

OUR readers will readily surmise that the *Indifferent Harvard Man* and the *Impenitent Beauty* get married after the good old fashion; and the *Commonplace Young Man* and the *Precious Little Goose* follow suit.

The anonymous author is to be congratulated upon a successful manipulation of the materials purchased from LIFE'S Bazaar. We, however, seriously object to the introduction of such extraneous matter as "Social Radicalism" in the book. It is not the regulation thing.

Droch.

#### THE WASSAIL BOWL.

COMRADES, drain the rosy glasses,  
And, with genial voice and soul,  
Let us sing of wine and lasses,  
'Round the Christmas wassail bowl.

Though without the tempest dreary  
Whirls in clouds the drifting snow,  
Here the oak-logs blazing, cheery,  
Warm us with their kindly glow.  
Though our cherished hopes be dying,  
Sad our hearts with grief and dole,  
'T is no place for woe nor sighing  
'Round the genial wassail bowl!

Soon, too soon, these joys will vanish,  
Toilsome tasks again we'll face,  
But to-night grave thoughts we'll banish.  
Pleasure reigns in Duty's place!  
Glass to glass, all care forgotten,  
Merry hearted let us troll  
Song on song of Mirth begotten,  
'Round the steaming wassail bowl!

Comrades, drain the rosy glasses,  
And, with genial voice and soul,  
Let us sing of wine and lasses,  
'Round the Christmas wassail bowl.

C. A. W.

#### OLD NEW YORK.

A HISTORY OF MANHATTAN ISLAND—DUTCH, ENGLISH, AMERICAN AND RESTORATION OF THE ENGLISH IN 1880.

#### CHAPTER IV.

HENDRICK HUDSON.



UDSON was an Englishman by birth, and just about pigheaded enough to command Dutchmen. He first became known to fame as a would-be Arctic survivor. He was the son of Christopher Hudson, and was brought up in the profession of discovery. He was a disciple of the old Dutch school, which taught a

man not to believe what he saw until it struck him between the eyes with force enough to stun him.

It is said that when he first sighted New York he did not believe he had discovered a new land, but thought Manhattan was an optical delusion until he sailed around in the vicinity of Hunter's Point, when he at once perceived that here was an all too fragrant reality.

Hendrick graduated early in life from Arctic Survivology and stood at the head of his class in the culinary department, reading an essay on Commencement Day on the subject of "The Conversion of Compasses, Mail-bags, and Dutch Rubber Boots into Edibles," which was adopted as an authority by explorers years afterward. He was popular with his fellow-students and was said to be able to swallow more schooners of kerosene oil in an hour than any of his classmates, not even excepting young college men from Connecticut or Heidelberg, where a man's standing socially and otherwise depends upon the receptive qualities of his interior organization. In view of the fact that he was a most continuous, unceasing drinker, it is not strange that a great river should bear his name.

As an explorer in the Arctic regions Hudson had not covered himself with any other glory than that which was entirely at the mercy of geographical societies. He had reached a higher latitude than any of his predecessors, and, on his return, having named seven or eight capes and a minor ocean after himself, he assumed still greater latitude in recounting his exploits.

In 1609 he went to the Hague at the solicitation of one Peter Plantius, who, after having put forth in book form seven or eight different theories as to the existence of a canal route to India, sent his published works to Hudson.

Plantius's books reconciled him to death, and he made up his mind to leave the country at once.

Having made application to some interested capitalists, he was fitted out with a Dutch galliot, schooner-rigged—a rig popular with the Dutch at all times. His main object was to get away from any further attempts on his life by such evilly disposed men as Peter Plantius, but the reason given out was that he was to search for a channel across the Soudan, diagonally up through the Desert of Sahara into the Indian Ocean, by which the rich marts of the East should be opened to the Dutch traders and—a more patriotic reason—by which a British Relief Expedition, if ever needed, would have no difficulty in reaching the person to be relieved in time to furnish the news of his assassination to the enterprising London press.

The galliot was a safe craft, warranted not to sink on her trial trip, and could travel four miles a week without serious damage to her hull, in which particular she may be said to be superior to our modern built vessels.

Hudson tried very hard for over a month to get a sufficient number of would-be suicides to make up the crew of his vessel, but when the day of sailing came he had barely half her complement, and in honor of this the craft was named the Half-Moon, because only half full at the beginning of her voyage. The crew consisted of twenty men, both English and Dutch. The fifteen officers were Englishmen naturally born to command, while the three able-bodied sailors, the cook and cabin boy, were from the Netherlands. Thus equipped he set sail about the middle of June, 1609.

After cruising around the Atlantic for a while, driving always before the wind, the vessel one afternoon late in August ran into the State of Virginia, at that time occupied by Captain John and Mrs. Pochahontas Smith, of Smithtown. Hudson, to whom the name sounded strangely familiar, stepped on shore and asked the Captain if he was any relation to William Smith, of Schmidtsburg, and having been informed that he was not, was about to take his adieu and run up to Washington, when the Captain asked him to stay to dinner. Hudson, true to his English instincts, stayed not only to



"ARE YOU ANY RELATION TO THE SCHMIDTS?"

dinner, but to breakfast and sundry other meals which took place in the Smith family for the next five days.

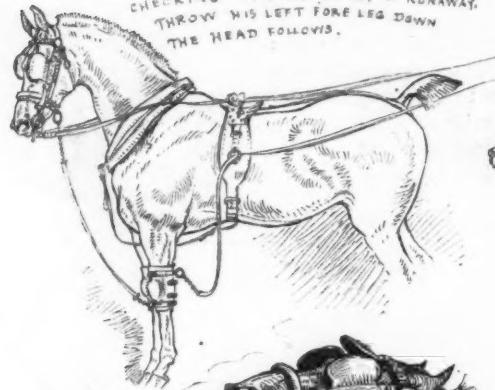
The Captain having carelessly left his copy of Matthew Arnold's poems unchained in the hall, Hudson, who always monkeyed with the mysterious, had a narrow escape from an injury which would have crippled him for life, and in fear of further exposure he demanded his passport, called a cab, and went to the wharf, where he speedily embarked, forgetting in the meantime to return the Captain's overcoat which he took by mistake in his haste.

It is said that the Captain was much mortified over the loss of his coat, especially as it had his tobacco and five heaps of clam-shells in the change pocket.

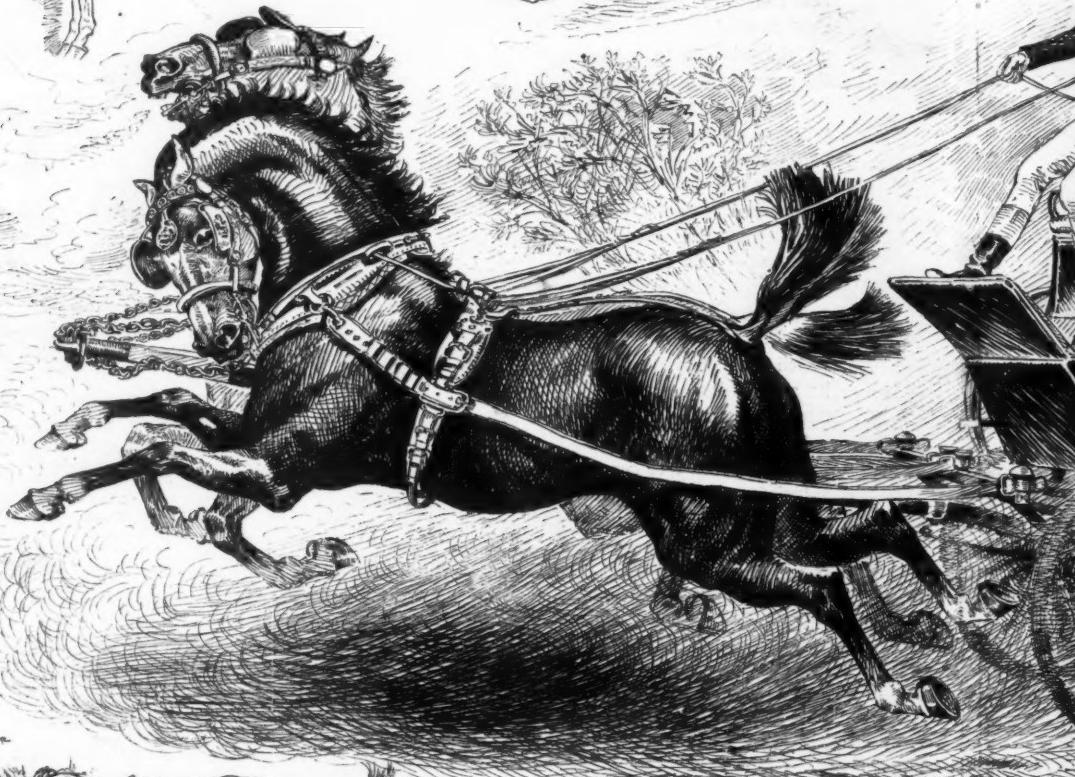
This was on the first of September, 1609, and three days later Hudson anchored off the coast of Taam-kynnes Ville.

LIFE

A VERY SIMPLE METHOD FOR  
CHECKING THE SPEED OF A RUNAWAY.  
THROW HIS LEFT FORE LEG DOWN  
THE HEAD FOLLOWS.



HERE IS A T-CART IN TROUBLE.  
THE SHAFTS ARE MERELY  
ATTACHED BY HEAVY PINS.  
THE HORSE BECOMES  
UNMANAGEABLE. SLIP OUT  
THE PIN AND THE  
JOB IS DONE.



ANOTHER SYSTEM FOR  
THROWING A HORSE.



THIS  
IS  
IN  
EARNEST.

HALF THE RUNAWAYS ARE BROUGHT ABOUT BY BAD BITTING.  
IF YOUR HORSE IS TROUBLESOME, USE THE ABOVE SYSTEM.

LET THE BODY OF YOUR CART BE PLACED ON  
HORSES RUN AWAY. YOUR GROOM ATTACHES THE RAIN-

TO TANDEM DR

A FEW SUGGESTIONS

TO THOSE WHO OBJECT TO BEING RUN

IFE.



TANDEM DRIVERS.

BE PLACED ON LITTLE WHEELS STANDING IN GROOVES AND KEPT IN PLACE BY SPRINGS. YOU HAVE WITH YOU TWO RAILS. TACHES THE RAILS, YOU SPRING THE WHEELS, AND OFF YOU GO! A SMALL BREAK IS NECESSARY TO CHECK THE IMPETUS.

SUGGESTIONS

BEING RUN AWAY WITH.



JENNY, DO YOU KNOW WHAT A MIRACLE IS?  
YES 'M. MA SAYS IF YOU DO N'T MARRY OUR NEW  
PARSON IT WILL BE A MIRACLE.

#### DEFINITIONS.

**"BALDHEAD."**—A near-sighted worshiper of the ballet.

**"Chestnut."**—A joke that another fellow worked off while you were manipulating its protoplasm.

**"Bostonian."**—Americanism for Irishman. (Colloquial: Choctaw.)

**"Investigate."**—To whitewash, cover up, excuse or ignore.

**"Partisan."**—End-man on the political see-saw.

**"Jackstraws."**—A high-toned religious game, of Puritan origin.

**"Vote."**—To cast a ballot; a common practice, freely exercised everywhere except in Rhode Island and the Indian Territory.

**"Chicagoan."**—A term applied to a man who walks the street as if he had a yellow-jacket in his trousers and were hunting a private place to get it out.

**"Amateur."**—An adept who keeps the whole of any particular science, study, or art, shelved away in a small corner of his brain, with ample space for more.

**"Ass."**—An animal, with more or less legs, who considers you a fool.

**"Sermon."**—A soporific adjustment of platitudes.

#### MEAT FOR BREAKFAST.

**BUTCHER** (to lady with dog in her arms): What will it be this evenin', mum?

Lady: Send a pound and a half of calves liver in time for breakfast, and—let me see, Carlo won't eat liver—and half a pound of Porterhouse steak.

#### YES AND NO.

**L**ITTLE words and lightly spoken,  
Yes and No.

Vows and pie-crusts have been broken

Long ago.

But a Yes that's sweetly whispered

Holds a rapture fit for gods;

If the falsehood follow later,

What's the odds?

Even No is not a sorrow  
Past relief.

You will find on *some* to-morrow

That your beef

Has a taste distinct from mutton;

Wine will warm you when you will;

You enjoy\* life's salt and savor,

Single still.

What's the use, then, of despairing?

Every part

Of a man will bear repairing.

Broken heart?

If you can but gild the fracture,

Who will ever look below?

Little words and lightly spoken,

Yes and No.

*L. C. Maxwell.*

\* Nothing personal.



**I**N "Hoodman Blind," at Wallack's Theatre, there are four acts, fourteen scenes, thirty characters and eight doors leading indirectly from the theatre to the outside world. This last item of information is neither immaterial nor irrelevant, as the lawyers say.

The sentence which gave a name to the drama, and which is printed prominently upon the programmes supplied to the audience, is this: "What devil was 't that thus hath cozened you at Hoodman Blind?"—*Hamlet*.

That is exactly what I asked myself after I had been witnessing the "kaleidoscopic" drama for one hour and a half. I scribbled upon my programme in answer to this singularly appropriate Shakespearian query, "Give it up," and then endeavored to lose myself in the thrilling situations presented.

"Hoodman Blind" faintly resembles "The Silver King" and "The Romany Rye," but does not compare favorably with either. There is a murder in the first act, and as this

forcible episode cannot be excelled, the subsequent acts are honeycombed with pusillanimous suicides.

The plot, which is a feeble kind of a thing without a backbone, deals with the events arising from the strange resemblance of two sisters, unknown to each other. It is the Tragedy of Errors. A husband turns his wife out of doors because he sees her sister in the arms of an amorous gipsy. This improbable condition of things is rendered all the more wearisome by the fact that the same lady represents the two sisters.

The various situations are seasoned by the introduction of London "roughs," and their places of resort. The parlor of the "Crooked Billet," "The Rats' Roost" and "Twite's Cosy" are all supposed to be ineffably weird, but audiences are accustomed to them by this time, and they excite no more surprise than do the gold-brown nuts which have become proverbial.

The principal *rôles* in "Hoodman Blind" are entrusted to Mr. Kyre Bellew and Miss Annie Robe. This charming little actress invests her dual representation with grace and vivacity. She is *Nance* and *Jess* with equal skill. While Miss Eastlake, in London, screams through the part with the excessive staginess for which she is noted, Miss Annie

Robe shows womanly feeling, and true dramatic art. She is infinitely the superior of her English sister.

The scenery in "Hoodman Blind" is exquisite. As a triumph of scenic art, the play is well worth seeing. "Cleopatra's Needle, with the Thames Embankment, by Moonlight," is wonderfully shown. It is not probable that "Hoodman Blind" will be played longer than six weeks. It will be succeeded, I am told, by "Human Nature," a piece which requires something like three hundred "supers."

\* \* \*

**A**T Daly's Theatre "A Night Off" was the signal for the re-appearance of that delightful actress, Mrs. Gilbert, in the *rôle* of *Xantippa Babbitt*. The other members of Mr. Daly's excellent company were seen in their accustomed parts, and the flowers that bloom in the spring, tra-la, could not have been more welcome to the cheerful audience.

\* \* \*

**T**ALKING of flowers that bloom in the spring, the Japanese Village at the Madison Square Garden is well worth seeing, if only to illustrate how exceedingly Japanese the "Mikado" at the Fifth Avenue Theatre is n't.

*Alan Dale.*



THE JURORS' STRIKE.

SOME DAY THE TEN THOUSAND POOR DEVILS WHO HAVE TO DO ALL NEW YORK'S JURY DUTY AT A DOLLAR A CASE MAY ORGANIZE FOR THEIR OWN PROTECTION.



"THE AGE OF REASON."

*Uncle George (reading): "AND WHEN THE MAN GOT SAFELY HOME HE THANKED GOD."*

*Ethel: WHY DID HE THANK GOD, UNCLE GEORGE?*

*U. G.: BECAUSE THE BEAR DIDN'T EAT HIM.*

*Ethel: THEN WHY DIDN'T HE THANK THE BEAR?*

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#### FABLES FOR THE TIMES.

##### THE AMBITIOUS WILDHOG.

A ROUGH and uncouth Wildhog having fallen in with several shots belonging to a neighboring Farmer, desired to imitate their refined manners, and was really envious of the artistic style of their neatly-trimmed ears; so, on his return to the canebrake, he had his own ears trimmed in precisely the same fashion. In a few days the Farmer met the Wildhog and, recognizing his ear-mark, had the animal caught and put in a pen, where it was duly fattened and then promoted to a lofty niche in the smoke-house.

MORAL: It is often profitable, amidst the latest refinements of modern life, to meditate upon the idyllic simplicity and the piping freedom of the Golden Age.

No, Ajax, water lilies are not the "flowers that bloom in the spring." They are flowers that bloom in the pond, where you should go and drown yourself.

#### A NEW WORD.

A LONDON correspondent, writing of the famous Mrs. Weldon, says:

"She was then living in Bentinck street, Manchester square, in a small, comfortable house, one of the ordinary commensals of which was Sir Julius Benedict."

"Commensal" is good. It is a better word for English pens than "habitué," besides conveying a more definite meaning. And it is immeasurably more euphonious and practicable than the compound "table-companion" which is its synonym. "Mess-mate," which is another synonym, and intrinsically a better word, has been appropriated by the military and marine, contingent to their exclusive use. It seems as if, with proper management, "commensal" might increase its circulation. To be the commensal of one or two agreeable and well-regulated families is a privilege that we would wish any bachelor in whom we were interested to enjoy. It consists in its brightest perfection, not in merely being asked to dinner, but in being made welcome when the spirit moves one to take pot-luck with his friends.

IT is announced that the American Exhibition in London will be opened next year by President Cleveland, who will press a button in Washington, and everything will be started as the button gives way. This will not be the first time that an exhibition has been produced by the giving way of a button.



La Caricature.

*Astronomer: YOU KNOW THE INHABITANTS OF THE PLANET MARS HAVE BEEN MAKING SIGNALS TO US, AND I UNDERSTAND THEM.*

*She: AH, REALLY! AND WHAT DO THEY SAY?*

*Astronomer: THEY ARE ASKING FOR NEWS OF SARAH BERNHARDT.*



**T**IMPKINS: You're looking kinder down in the mouth this morning.  
Jones: I feel so.  
Timkins: Dead broke?  
Jones: No, pawn broke.—*Boston Globe*.

AN Eastern young man returned home a few days ago from a trip to Colorado for his health, and in narrating his adventures he told about buying a silver mine for \$3,000.

"I knew they'd rope you in!" exclaimed the old man. "So you were ass enough to buy a humbug mine."

"Yes, but I did n't lose anything, I formed a company and sold half the stock to a Connecticut man for \$7,000."

"Y—you did!" gasped the old man as he turned white. "I'll bet I'm the one who bought it."

"I know you are," coolly observed the young man, as he crossed his legs and tried to appear very much at home.—*Wall Street News*.

WHILE Keene was playing "Richard III." in Little Rock—just as he called for a horse, a man from Washington county said to his companion:

"Come on, Ab, an' les' go."

"Wait a minit, Sam. The clown has called fur a hoss, an' I reckon the show's goin' to begin."—*Arkansas Traveler*.

"I HAVE such an indulgent husband," said little Mrs. Doll. "Yes; so George says," responded Mrs. Spiteful, quietly. "Sometimes indulges too much, does n't he?" They no longer speak to each other.—*Rambler*.

#### AN IMPERFECT POEM.

POET (to editor): "A poem, sir, I just dashed off."

Editor: "Yes. I have only one trouble with it, sir."

Poet (anxiously): "And that is?"

Editor: "You did n't dash it far enough off."—*Ex.*

IN one of the many Bibles scattered about a hotel in Grand Rapids for the use of its guests a matter-of-fact drummer wrote in large letters on the title page an appeal for "less Bibles and better beds."—*N. Y. Sun*.

#### CURE FOR LOQUACITY.

A VERY loquacious lady, calling one day to consult her physician, talked on and on with such volubility that the latter could not get in a word edgeways. Growing impatient, he at length told her to put out her tongue, which she did. He then said: "Now please keep it there till you have heard what I have got to say to you."—*Cologne Gazette*.

DUDE (to theatre doorkeeper): "Ah, could you—aw—let me see—aw—Mlle. de Montfort. You know her—chawming young creature, with blonde hair, do n't ye know. Dawnces—aw—in the ballet."

DOORKEEPER (gruffly): "No, you can't see her, young feller. If you have any message, give it to me. I'm her grandson."—*Paris Morning News*.

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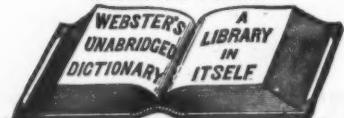
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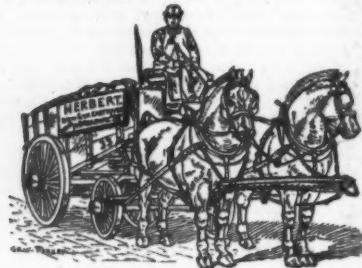
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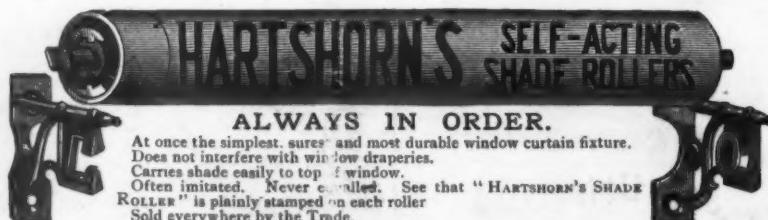
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